Rutland County Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT RUTLAND, VERMONT, BY GEORGE H. BEAMAN.

VOLUME 55. WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, 1849. NUMBER 7.

RUTLAND COUNTY HERALD,

TERMS PER YEAR.

To Village subscribers,	2,00
Delivered at the Office,	1,50
To Mail subscribers,	1,50
" when paid in advance,	1,25
To clubs of ten or more, sent to one address, and paid in advance in advance, each	1,00
Delivered by Post Riders,	2,00

ADVERTISING

Advertisements conspicuously inserted for $1 per square for three weeks; 25 cents per square will be charged for each subsequent insertion.

A Monster Unveiled.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

'Poor thing! I do feel for her.—Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but'—

'Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch I suppose, is in bed.'

'But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?'

'Well, I don't know: the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses could have married a man with his habits, if she had known him beforehand. There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time.—Oh, the wretch, I have no patience with him!'

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses, which form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one the mistress of the said nice looking villa, and the other her guest, a country matron who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a larger and handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

The following morning Mrs. Braybrooke and her guest, Mrs. Clayton, were at the window of the parlor,—which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Williams, when the door quietly opened, and was as quietly closed again by the lady herself.

'There she is, poor soul,' cried Mrs. Braybrooke; 'only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she may make, even in the street, may wake the fellow who is now I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation.'

Mrs. Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes as far as the street allowed, this quiet looking, broken-spirited wife, inspecting the whole figure, from the neatly-trimed straw-bonnet to the tips of the little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; then fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said: And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend; for were Clayton to act in such a way I am sure I couldn't endure it a week.'

'It does seem scarcely intelligible,' answered Mrs. Braybrooke; 'but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself—for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out, I suppose, to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople: and you will see her by-and-by return, looking up as she approaches, at the bedroom window; and if the blinds be drawn up she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself, "How angry he will be if he comes down and finds that I am not there to give him his breakfast!" Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—at one—at two, and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner.'

'And when does he have his dinner?'

'Oh, his dinner: I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers—poor woman! He dines, I suppose, at a club or with his boon companions, or any where in fact, but at home.'

'And when does he come home, then, generally?'

'At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he had seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast.'

'I wonder if she waits up for him?'

'Oh, no; for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed; and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary thing; I don't know, indeed, that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature.'

'Dear, dear! it is terrible" sighed the sympathizing Mrs. Clayton. 'But does any one visit them? Have they friends, do you think?'

'I don't think he can have many friends, the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people calling—stylish people, too—in carriages; and there he is, the wretch, often with his half-slept look, smiling and handing the ladies out, as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world.'

'Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences.'

'No even that comfort is denied her, she has no one to cheer her; her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of a father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her; and yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband; Braybrooke, you know, wouldn't know such a man.'

'My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholly, let us go out.—You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are loosing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal.'

The ladies of course set out, saw all the 'loves of bonnets' in Regent street; all the 'sacrifices' that were voluntarily offered up in Oxford street; bought a great many things for 'less than half the original cost;' made calls; laughed and chatted away a pleasant, exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping, crest-fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage on ——— Road.

The next day, a lady, a friend of Mrs. Clayton, who had been out the day before, when she called and left her card, called and after chatting for some time, turned to Mrs. Braybrooke, complimenting her on the situation of the house. 'I find,' she said, 'you are a near neighbor to a friend of mine, Mrs. Williams.'

'Mrs. Williams!' exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity; 'Mrs. Williams! Oh, how very singular that you should know her, poor miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about'—

'Poor—miserable! What can you mean? You mistake, my Mrs. Williams is the happiest little woman in London!'

'Oh it cannot be the same,' said Mrs. Braybrooke. 'I mean our opposite neighbor in Hawthorn Villa; I though it couldn't be.'

'Hawthorn Villa!—the very house. You surely cannot have seen her or her husband, who'—

'Oh! the dreadful, wretched gambling fellow!' interrupted Mrs. Braybrooke; I wouldn't know such a man'—

'He!' in her turn interrupted her friend, Mrs. Eccleshall. 'He a gambler! he is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife.'

'My dear Mrs. Eccleshall, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the whole neighborhood; a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose; who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours; whose only ostensible means of living is gambling, or something equally disreputable; who'—

'You have been most grievously misled.' Again interrupted Mrs. Eccleshall. 'Who can so grossly have slandered my excellent friend Williams?—He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow. That may safely be called his misfortune, but not his fault!' and the good lady warmed as she spoke, till she had to untie her bonnet and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

'His misfortune!' murmured Mrs. Braybrooke. 'How can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases? 'But he cannot help it, poor soul! He would be too happy to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife; but you know his business begins when other people's is over.'

'Then what, in Heaven's name, is his business?'

'Why didn't you know he is the Editor of a MORNING NEWSPAPER!'

We shuddered the other day, when Miss Smix remarked, that if the United States had not employed a general tailor, the democratic party had not been sewed up.—*N. O. Paper.*

The tree is known by its fruit. The only exception to this is the dog wood which is known by its bark.

The Chieftain's Oath.

A LEGEND OF NAUMKEAG.

A bright and joyous creature was Ella Corwin at the age of fifteen, a laughing, boydenish, and thoughtless maiden, but a beautiful one withal, who delighted when summer came on, to romp over the green hills and rocky sea shore of her native village, which although it bore its present title, at the time of which we are speaking, in the year 1671, was called by the people generally by its Indian name of Naumkeag. The place has changed since that date, from a quiet village to a populous city, and the improving hand of time passing heavily over it, had caused many of its green hills to be covered with busy workshops, whose occupants have been found adepts in turning nature into art, by levelling hills into valleys and destroying vestiges of the former, as fast and sometimes faster than was absolutely necessary.

But there is one spot which neither time nor improvement has altered, a little grassy-covered hill, situated not a great way from Hawthorne's Point, near what is now called the Saint Neck.

It was on the top of the little hill mentioned above that Ella Corwin had chosen rest, in company with a female companion, whom we call Annette Arnold, after revelling and romping about the green fields for the greater part of the afternoon of a warm day in August.

'This is a beautiful spot to rest upon; do you not think it is, Annette?' said Ella, after the two had remained seated for a few minutes in silence.

'I certainly do think so, dear Ella,' replied Annette, 'for here we have an excellent view of the broad bay, and the fair island which rest upon its now tranquil bosom, and—'

'A picturesque view of several Indian wigwams,' laughingly interrupted Ella, 'whose very interesting occupants, the squaws and papooses, you can observe, are now busily engaged in sunning themselves in the glade below.'

'O, Ella,' answered Annette sadly 'how can you so delight to turn every thing to ridicule.'

'That's just what father tells me,' replied Ella, in the same light tone as before, 'so I suppose it is so—but there, I declare I cannot help it, although, perhaps, as I grow older I shall grow wiser, and leave my wild talk at the same time I drop my wild actions.'

'I hope sincerely the time will soon come,' replied Annette, who was more staid, more sincere, and somewhat older than her companion.

'Perhaps it may come sooner than you suspect it, dear Annette,' responded Ella as a slight shade of sadness momentarily covered her fair brow, 'as next year I sail for England, there to be—'

'What?' interrupted Annette.

'Married,' answered Ella.

'Ha—you are going to be married,' repeated Annette, with astonishment—'you must be joking now.'

'On the contrary,' said Ella, 'I was never more serious in my life.'

'Did you not tell me no longer ago than yesterday' said Annette, earnestly, 'that you had plighted your troth to Kamara?' 'Yes, that is the truth, but it was all in fun you know.'

'What was all in fun, madam?' exclaimed a strange voice, which proceeded from the lips of a tall but handsome Indian youth, who had approached the girls unperceived, from the opposite side of the hill.

'For goodness sake, Kamara, where have you come from?' asked Ella, somewhat startled at the chieftain's sudden approach before her.

'From below,' answered Kamara, with a bitter sneer, 'where the squaws and papooses are busily engaged in the interesting occupation of sunning themselves.'

'Ha!' said Ella, 'so you have been listening to our conversation. That was manly business, certainly.'

'Manly or not, I did listen to your conversation; and now, if you will deign to listen, I will tell you how I came to listen.'

'Oh, I'll listen fast enough, if that's all you want,' as her voice rang out into a clear loud laugh, at the young chieftain's solemn earnestness.

Folding his arms and regarding her with a look in which revenge, contempt and love seemed to be strangely blended, Kamara addressed Ella thus

'But a little time ago Kamara left his native tribe, and came here to Naumkeag to learn the language of the pale faces, their manners and customs. Here he had not been long before he saw the pale faced maiden who now sits before him, and loved her.—Aye, Kamara loved the pale faced maiden because her eyes were as those of the mountain deer, her voice was as soft as the summer nightingale's, and because her features were as beautiful as those of an angel, whom he had dreamt of as dwelling in the spirit land. Kamara told the maiden of the great love he bore her, told her that he for her sake would forsake his Indian habits, and try to become in language and manners, even as the white man, and she, what answer did she say to all this?'

'Ha, ha, ha,' laughed Ella. 'I suppose that means me. Well, good Kamara, go on and tell the answer I did return to your long love story.'

'Did you not tell me,' bitterly replied Kamara, 'if I waited patiently the lapse of three years that you would then become my wife?'

'Yes,' answered Ella, 'and I have perhaps told a dozen others the same story, but what of that? It was all in fun.'

'In fun! and pray what may that mean?' asked the Indian.

'Why it means,' said Ella, carelessly, 'that I did not mean what I said, that's all.'

'That's all, is it?' said Kamara bitterly. 'It is as I have suspected. You have said enough, Ella Corwin; now listen to the Chieftain's oath.—By yonder sun that is about to sit over the graves of my fathers—by the wild forests which the white man has ruthlessly torn from the red Indian—by the grass which nature has spread profusely under my feet—by the red blood which courses freely the veins of my tribe, I swear on this spot, and in your presence, that the life of either your future husband or your firstborn, shall be the forfeit of your broken faith.—Now will Kamara go to his tribe, cursing, scorning, hating the white man and his faithless blood.' Kamara was gone.

'O, I'll risk it,' said Ella, peevishly—'I'll warrant he will forget all about it in less than a week.'

'An Indian never forgets,' replied Annette earnestly.

'Well, I shall forget, if he don't,' answered Ella.

* * * * * *

Five years passed away like a dream, and in the interim, Ella Corwin had become a wife and a mother.

She had left her home for England a short time subsequent to the occurrence, above narrated, where she was married to a young physician, to whom, through the agency of her parents, she had been previously betrothed.

Five years passed away, and then Ella Corwin, or rather Ella Mason, accompanied by her husband and infant boy, returned to Naumkeag, and became located in a small neat cottage near the Point before mentioned, which had been built for them on their arrival.

It was a bright moonlight night, in the month of August, 1676, when as the old house clock told the hour of eleven, Doctor Mason was called from the side of his much-loved wife and child, to attend upon a dying patient.

No sooner had he got clear of the house, than the tall form of an Indian warrior emerged from the concealment which had been afforded by the dark shadow of the building upon the grass, into the moonlight, and stealthily approached the cottage. He tried the latch, and found that the door had been left unfastened. Smiling triumphantly, the Indian with light and wary footsteps entered the house. The next moment he stood at the bedside of her whom he had once known as Ella Corwin.

Her first-born nestled by her side. They both slept soundly, quietly, and sweetly.—Kamara stooped over them. Gently, very gently, did he lift the infant in his arms, the next moment the Indian was gone. Still the mother slept on, as did the infant in Kamara's arms.

Two hours passed away, and then the husband and father returned to his home—Ella still slept, and as he gazed admiringly upon her beautiful features, he whispered her name.

She awoke, looked tenderly up, and smiled.

'Where is our child, Ella?' asked the father as he missed it from its accustomed place.

'The child is here, my love,' answered Ella, as she confidently reached out her her hand to clasp it to her bosom.

'My God, Herbert!' she exclaimed after a few moments of terrible silence, 'our child is gone!'

'Where?'

'I know not,' exclaimed the frantic mother, as she jumped from the bed, and eagerly tore off the covering. ''Tis not here, 'tis not here; O God, my child, my boy? Where is he? come to me, my Herbert; let your mother hear you. Ah! a light flashes on my mind, a recollection—a horrid remembrance—the Indians, Herbert, the Indians have got our child.'

The bereaved parents ran to the point which looked out upon the calm waters of the harbor. About forty rods from the land a dark object met their view.

The dark object was an Indian canoe.—The form that rose proudly from its midst was that of Kamara, the chieftain of the Narraganssetts. Lifting the tiny form of the infant boy high above his head, in a loud clear voice, Kamara shouted—

'This is not foul.'

A light splash disturbed the calm serenity of the waters as the light drapery of the infant boy sunk beneath their level!

Sayings by "Ben Jonson."

The following pithy sayings are from an old work, the title of which we forget, by Ben Jonson, the dramatist. There is quite a large sprinkling of good sense in them, which should entitle them to a wide circulation:

'Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I have therefore counseled my friends never to trust to the fair side, but so to place all things she gave them, that she may take them again without trouble.'

'A beggar suddenly rich generaly becomes a prodigal; he puts on riot and excess to obscure his obscurity.'

'No man is so foolish but he may give good counsel sometimes and no man so wise but he may easily err if he take no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself had a fool for his master.'

'Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing, residing in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of truth. We labor with it more than with the truth.'

'Many men do not themselves what they would fain persuade others and less do they like things which they would impose on others, but least of all know they what they would most confidently beast.'

'What a deal of cold business doth a man spend the latter half of his life in! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little wit serve in a dark corner.'

'Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage. A good life is a main argument.'

'I cannot think Nature so spent and decayed as to bring forth nothing worth her former years. She is always the same, and like herself; and when she collects her strength, is able still. Man and studies are decayed; she is not.'

Rutland County Agricultural Society.

At a meeting of the board of Managers held at Castleton, Jan 31, the following Premiums were presented to the Farmers, Mechanics and Manufacturers of the County, for competition at the next Annual Fair to be holden at Rutland, Sept 26 and 27, 1849. ORIL COOK, JR., Rec. Sec.

Rutland, Feb. 12.

PREMIUMS OFFERED.

1.—FIELD CROPS.

Best acre, or more, of Winter Wheat	$5 00
2d do	4 00
3d. do.	3,00
4th do.	2 00
Best acre or more of Spring Wheat,	$3,00
2d do	4,00
3d do	3,00
4th do	2,00
Best acre, or more, of Corn,	$6 00
2d do	5 00
3d do	4 00
4th do	3 00
Best acre, or more, of Oats,	$5,00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3,00
4th do	2 00
Best half acre, or more, of Potatoes,	$5,00
2d do	4,00
3d do	3,00
4th do	2,00
Best one fourth acre or more of Beans	$5,00
2d do	2,00
3d do	1 00
Best 1-8 acre, or more of Carrots,	$5,00
2d do	4,00
3d do	3 00
4th do	2,00
Best 1-8 acre or more, of Parsnips,	$4 00
2d do	3,00
3d do	2,00
Best 1-8 acre or more, of Ruta Baga,	$4,00
2d do	3 00
3d do	2,00
Best half acre, or more of Flax	$4,00
2d do	3 00
3d do	2,00

Committee of Award

Chairman, Zimri Howe, Castleton,
Robinson Hall, Wallingford,
Benj F. Blanchard Rutland,
Isaac C. Wheaton Pittsford,
Hiram Horr, Castleton,

2.—VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

Best half bushel, or more, of Onions	$1,00
2d do	50
Best six heads of Cabbage,	1,00
2d do	50
Best six Pumpkins,	$1,00
2d do	50
Best six Melons,	1,00
2d do	50
Best six Squashes for Table use,	1,00
2d do	50
Best lot of Apples, not less than five sorts, and five of each sort,	1 00
2d do	50
Best lot of Plumbs, at least four sorts,	1,00
Best do 25 or more in number	50
Best six bunches of Grapes,	1,00
Best lot of Pears 25 in number,	1 00
2d do	50

Committee.

Geo. Page, Pittsford.
Aaron Barnes, Rutland
Pliny Holmes, Hubbardton.
Dr. Wakefield, Fairhaven
P. F. Parker, Castleton.

3.—NURSERIES AND SHADE TREES.

Best Nursery of Fruit Trees, 1-8 acre,	$4 00
2d do	3 00
Best 50 Maple Trees transplanted in or near the highway, in the Fall or Spring, previous to the Fair, regard being had to their appearance at the time of the Fair,	$5 00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3 00

Committee.

S. H. Kellogg, Pittsford.
Philip Edgerton, Clarendon.
Merlin Clark, Castleton.
Hawkins Hart, Rutland.
Otis Eddy, Fairhaven.

4.—STUD HORSES.

Best Stallion 5 years old or upwards	$6 00
2d do	5 00
3d do	3 00
Best Stallion 4 years old, do	5 00
2d do	3 00
3d do	2 00
Best Stallion 3 years old, do	3 00
2d do	2 00
3d do	1 00
Best Stallion 2 years old, do	2 00
2d do	1 00

Committee.

Chester Spencer, Castleton.
Charles Dustin, Shrewsbury.
Horatio Barber, Hubbardton.
Dan B. Bigue, Chittenden.
Charles W. Horton, Sudbury.

5.—HORSES.

Best Breeding Mare with Colt at her side,	$4 00
2d do	3 00
Best Gelding or Mare, 5 years old or upwards,	3 00
2d do	2 00
Best do 4 years old,	3 00
2d do	2 00
Best do 3 years old,	3 00
2d do	2 00
Best do 2 years old,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Yearling Colt,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Suckling Colt,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best pair Matched Horses,	4 00
2d do	2 00

Committee.

G. T. Hodges, Rutland.
Henry Lothrop, Pittsford.
Elishim Paul, Middletown.
Zebediah Dewey, Poultney
Orin Knight, Shrewsbury.

6.—NEAT CATTLE OF IMPORTED BREEDS.

1. DURHAM BREED.

Best Bull of two years old or upwards,	$5 00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3 00
Best Yearling Bull,	3 00
2d do	2 00
3d do	1 00
Best Cow of three years old and upwards,	5 00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3 00
4th do	2 00
Best Cow of two years old,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Yearling Heifer,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Calf,	3 00
2d do	2 00
3d do	1 00

Committee.

Henry L. Farnham, Poultney.
Isaac B. Munson Wallingford.
Charles Barnes, Rutland
Philetus Clark, Tinmouth.
Alonzo Hyde, Middletown.

2. DEVONSHIRE BREED.

Best Bull of two years old or upwards,	$5 00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3 00
Best Yearling Bull,	3 00
2d do	2 00
3d do	1 00
Best Cow of three years old and upwards,	5 00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3 00
4th do	2 00
Best Cow of two years old,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Yearling Heifer,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Calf,	3 00
2d do	2 00
3d do	1 00

Committee.

Augustus Hammond, Pittsford.
James E. Cheney, Rutland.
Almon Hitchcock, West Haven.
Asahel H. Kidder, Fairhaven.
Thaddeus Tyrrell, Middletown.

3 AYRSHIRE BREED.

Best Bull of two years old or upwards,	$5 00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3 00
Best Yearling Bull,	3 00
2d do	2 00
3d do	1 00
Best Cow of three years old and upwards,	5 00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3 00
4th do	2 00
Best Cow of two years old,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Yearling Heifer,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Calf,	2 00
2d do	2 00
3d do	1 00

Committee.

Robert Pierpoint, Rutland.
Jefferson Barnes, Fairhaven.
Dean T. Robinson, Castleton.
David Hall, Pittsford.
John A. Vail, Middletown.

7.—DOMESTIC NEAT CATTLE.

Best Bull of two years old or upwards,	$5 00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3 00
Best Yearling Bull,	3 00
2d do	2 00
3d do	1 00
Best Cow of three years old and upwards,	$5 00
2d do	4 00
3d do	3 00
4th do	2 00
Best Cow of two years old,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Yearling Heifer,	2 00
2d do	1 00
Best Calf,	2 00
2d do	2 00
3d do	1 00

Committee.

Robert Pierpoint, Rutland.
Jefferson Barnes, Fairhaven.
Dean T. Robinson, Castleton.
David Hall, Pittsford.
John A. Vail, Middletown.